STAND, STAND UP, AMERICA!

Song with
Piano Accompaniment

*

Words and Music by
EDWARD HORSMAN

*

Price, 50 cents

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New York · G. SCHIRMER · Boston

Stand, stand up, America!

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Maestoso alla marcia

Voice
Piano
f
1. Stand, stand up, A - mer - i - ca! Thou land of
2. Go, go forth, A - mer - i - ca! Thy flam - ing
3. Stand, stand fast, A - mer - i - ca! Full-armed with
free-dom, let thy chil - dren now a - rise! Lift, lift up the
bea - con - light of lib - er - ty hold high! Go, shed wide its
jus - tice, take thy place and face the foe! Stand fear - less, in -
ban - ner bright, Thy star - ry ban - ner, let it blaze a-gainst the skies!
rays se - rene, In ev - 'ry land lift hu - man rights, nor let them die!
vin - ci - ble! With cour - age con-quer, and in hon - or on - ward go!

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Refrain
March, march for - ward to vic - to - y!
cresc.
March all, young and hoar - y,
ff
Strike, strike for the
cresc.
ff
fff
right! God o - ver all! "On-ward!" the call! Un - der Old Glo - ry!
fff

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

The Song of All Nations

*Words by the late JOHN HAY, private secretary to President LINCOLN and Secretary of State during the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations.

Music by **OLEY SPEAKS**
Composer of
"TO YOU"

HIGH IN B♭

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home:
We will end the dreadful story
Of the battle dark and gory
In a sunburst of glory,
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter when the boys come home,
And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home;
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

MEDIUM IN G

The thin ranks will be proudest when the boys come home,
And our cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home,
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standards tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty when the boys come home,
And their uniforms be dusty when the boys come home;
But all shall see the traces
Of the battle's royal graces
In the brown and bearded faces,
When the boys come home:

Our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home.
To bless them and to greet them when the boys come home:
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not disever
From the nation's heart for ever,
When the boys come home.

JOHN HAY.

3 East 43d Street **G. SCHIRMER** **New York**